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phaelite gem—it is No. 271, "Dandelions," and is painted by T. C. Farrer. Not one of the least of the beauties of this exquisitely elaborate production is the frame. On the upper portion is inscribed the simple word "Spring"—suggestive of mud and sore throats—on the left is a carefully drawn snail, who is deliberately walking into the "Dandelions," on the right is an equally carefully drawn grasshopper, who is also deliberately walking into the "Dandelions," while upon the lower portion these lines are inscribed

*"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."*

A base slander upon an inoffensive flower, and a piece of truckling adulation to the Board of Brokers.

No. 272, "Star of Hope," by T. L. Smith, is a fine motive for a beautiful picture; barring the water in the immediate foreground, Mr. Smith has treated his subject with marked ability, imbuing it with a vast deal of poetry and sentiment.

No. 274, "Central Park," by G. Q. Thorndike, is a very elaborately painted portrait of two very funnily constructed swans.

Edwin Forbes has just completed a large picture, marked by considerable power, and a good knowledge of color, which he calls "Lull in the Battle." As it is shortly to be exhibited in this city, I shall reserve a more extended notice of its merits to some future day.

PALETTE.

THE PIANOFORTE CRISIS.—In a concert-room, while one of our *astounding* pianists was executing a sonata with his left hand only, although he had the perfect use of both, a lady demanded of the gentleman by whom she was accompanied: 'Who, in your opinion, is the most astonishing pianist?' 'In truth, madam, they are all so astonishing, that I confess your question is embarrassing. If among the players of that instrument, there were one whose aim was not to astonish, I should not hesitate in declaring him the most astonishing of all.' 'But which is he that gives you so much pleasure?' 'That is more easily answered; he that fatigues me the least.' 'You are a barbarian!' 'No! I am only a victim.' 'You do not like the piano?' 'I like the piano much, but not the pianist.' 'How, then, do you wish the piano should be played?' 'As the violin, the violoncello, the clarionette, the hautboy, or the flute, as they sing; that is to say, with feeling, with expression. I would have fewer notes, and more meaning; less address, and more sentiment; less impetuosity, and more elegance; less of noise and more of tone; I would that they should not abuse the resources of so rich, so powerful an instrument; and use them not as an end, but as a means.' 'You are too unreasonable!'

A BACHELOR'S WARM FRIEND.—"I have been so often and unprofitably in love," he frankly remarks, "I have serious thoughts of paying my addresses to—my *Tea-kettle*. I have found her a very warm friend. She sings, too. And you know how fond I am of music:—I have heard a thousand times more unpleasant than hers. On a winter night after a well-spent day, with a volume of old Poetry,—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser,—a volume of Dr. Johnson, or a new Scottish Novel; when the wind is blowing, and pattering the rain against one's window: then sweet is the song of the Kettle; sweeter to a studious man than a crying child or scolding wife. However, I must consider seriously before I offer her my hand:—lest she should burn it."—*Life of Etty*.

[For the American Art Journal.]

LOVE'S WITCHERIES.

It may not be—it may not be,
I dread thy bright eyes' witchery!
I fear the magic of thy smile—
May there not lurk deceit and guile,
While thou art seeming frank, the while?

It may not be—it may not be!
I dare not give my heart to thee—
For well I know that love, in youth,
Is but a dream—devoid of truth,
A very foolish thing in sooth!

It may not be—it may not be!
If even thou couldst give to me
Thy young and warm heart's earliest thrill
Of deep and pure affection, still,
Still should I fear some latent ill.

It may not be—it may not be,—
Though thou art young and fair to see
As fabled beings of the air,
Or nymphs that dwell in ocean drear,
And braid with gems their flowing hair!

It may not be—it may not be!
I am indeed too wild and free
In thought and action, e'er to prove
A being worthy of thy love,—
Too wayward I, and given to rove.

It shall not be—it shall not be!
I'll break the chain thou weav'st for me.
There is such magic in thine eye,
That I to 'scape its charm, must fly
Far, far from thee, or stay and die.

NEW BOOKS.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, by CHARLES DICKENS. Diamond Edition, illustrated. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1867.

We have heretofore spoken of this elegant edition of the works of this eminent writer, and can say very little more than that we have received the above issue, which solidly upholds the fame its predecessors have gained, of being the most beautiful, compact, and scholarly looking books ever published. The idea of putting in small and readable form books that one wants for every-day handling, and for the pocket, is one that we are surprised has not been carried out before, and we are now equally surprised that being done, it has not had to go through all the small transitions of improvement, but has sprang as perfect from the press as glorious type, characteristic illustration, good paper, and workman-like binding can make it.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS. Complete. Diamond Edition. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1867.

This is another edition of the diamond volumes, and gives us within a space that cannot but excite wonder, the *complete* works of the poet. There is something charming in the idea that we can have these books that we love in a form that will bear putting in the pocket, or as a moveable library, instead of the great sprawling editions of the olden time. It is an inducement for a poet to write, and is according to our idea more pro-

vocative of "the eye in a fine frenzy rolling," than battered type and whitey-brown paper, the mere glance of which should not only disgust the reader, but make the writer swear never again to soil paper with his pen. If this book meets its merit, it will have a sale of half a million.

THE OLD PATROON, by JAMES A. MATTLAND. A Novel. T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia, 1867.

We have here something of the sensational order. The author starts with the upper ten-dom; and handles aristocracy without gloves; and in the course of his peripatations gets into all kinds of places at all kinds of times, giving us touches—rather good, too—of the Old Brewery, Five Points, the New York Hospital, Boarding Houses, the White Mountains, a Newspaper Office, Niagara Falls, Nassau Street, Saratoga Springs, Fifth Avenue, and various other places too tedious to mention. The readers of this book cannot complain of want of variety, and as that is the very spice of life, the book must be a success.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, contains its usual amount of good and bad, but in either case it is readable, and when that is said in these days of affluent literature, much is said. "The Guardian Angel," No. V., by Wendell Holmes, goes on pleasantly, and an article on the "History of the Sewing Machine" will interest every lady—aye, everybody—in the land. "Heart and Health," "The Genius of Dickens," "Germany in New York" (a fruitful subject), "Katherine Morue," No. VII., "Sorrow," "The Plaintiff Non-Suited," "Some Unappreciated Characters," "Old Port in Winter," "Marble Quarries," "The Custom of Burial with the Head Towards the East," "Heroes of Central Africa," Reviews and Literary Notices, etc., fill up the balance, and make a good magazine.

From the same publishing house comes OUR YOUNG FOLKS, with some clever articles intended for the little ones, but which we are much mistaken if when taken up by the older ones, are not devoured with as good a relish. We were all children once, and it does us no harm to go back to the old days.

THE OLD GUARD, published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., 162 Nassau street, goes on with its clever story by W. Gillmore Simms of Jocelyn, a tale of the Revolution, an excellent article by Dr. Van Evrie on "The Problem of the Races," which is worth reading just at this time, and many good things that tend to make it such a periodical as ought to elicit Southern sympathy and subscription.

THE CONCERT OF CARL ROESE, at the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, recently, was a great success. Mr. Roese is an accomplished pianist, and rendered selections from Chopin, Heller and Liszt, with grace and effect. His sister, Miss Augusta Roese, a debutante, has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, and sings very sweetly.

Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff, of New York, sang a cavatina by Petrella, from Elena di Tolosa, "Dio che leggi in fonda all alma," and a song by Schumann, with marked effect, eliciting unanimous recalls and encores. Mr. Wenzel Kopta was also eminently successful, being warmly encored in both his violin solos.